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Licenced,

Sepr. 8.  
1668.

*Roger L'Estrange.*

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THE  
HUSBAND  
Forc'd to be  
JEALOUS,  
OR THE  
GOOD FORTUNE  
OF THOSE  
WOMEN  
THAT HAVE  
JEALOUS HUSBANDS.

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A Translation by N. H.

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LONDON,

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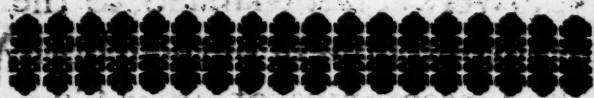
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# THE HUSBAND

Forc'd to be Jealous :

OR,

*The Good Fortune of those Women  
that have Jealous Husbands.*

**T**Imander and Clidimira  
having lov'd each  
other for some time,  
without any acci-  
dent hapning in their Amours,  
considerable enough to be rela-  
ted,

ted, were at last Married, to the great contentment of them both. The Ceremonies of their Contract was performed in the house of *Clidimira*, where after a Magnificent Supper, which lasted till the night was very far spent, the Company diverted themselves very agreeably in attending the morning; which no sooner appeared, but this Excellent Couple were conducted to the Church, where they were Married with great Solemnity; which was no sooner past, but the Bride and Bridegroom separated themselves, and every one returned to their own Houses, as well to repose, as to prepare and adjust themselves for the great Ball which was that night to be at  
one

(7)

one of the most Famous Treating-houses in that Town; it having been the antient custom for the Richest Gentlemen of that place to make their Wedding-Feasts at those kind of Houses, when they Married their Children or Relations publickly.

The afternoon of that same day, as *Timander* was dressing himself to go to that great Supper, he received this note from a Woman he esteemed very much, and in whom he absolutely confided.

*Melasia to Timander.*

*I desire to see you as soon as you have received this Paper, and that you will believe that had I not*

A 4

*been*

*been perswaded that your Life and Honour both were concern'd in what I am to tell you , I should not trouble you with this request upon a day wherein you cannot want Employment, and which you ought to dedicate wholly to Love.*

*Melasia.*

*Timander* had no sooner read this note, but resolved to go to *Melasia's* House, imagining he might return home very quickly, and thought the excuse he had was lawful enough to make him quit, without incivility, the best Company in the world ; yet because he had been formerly suspected to have more then an esteem for *Melasia*, he was unwilling upon such a day as this,

to

to give his Bride and the rest of his Friends and Kindred any just cause of complaint against him; and therefore he stole out alone through a back door of his Garden, which led to a private Street, where he took a Chair which carried him to *Melasia's* House, without meeting any by the way which could discover him. He found her waiting for him in a low Parlour, where after some general discourse, she told him that she was desired by *Thersander*, a Neighbour of hers (who was not unacquainted with the particular Friendship she had had a long time with himself) to procure for him the Honour of speaking with *Timander* at her House that afternoon; which at first



first she had refused, telling him she could not desire that favour for him, without rendering herself very ridiculous, in sending for a man to discourse of business upon his Wedding day ; but when *Thersander* had at last assured her, that the meeting which he desired with *Timander*, concerned the Life and Honour of them both, and that the deferring it a moment longer would be fatal to them ; She then resolved upon giving him the trouble of that note, which he would soon pardon when he had received the reason of it from *Thersander*, who waited for him in her Chamber ; whither if he pleased to go, they might discourse freely, without being heard or interrupted.



rupted. *Timander* had some suspicion of the occasion for which *Thersander* had sent for him ; yet he was unwilling to discover those thoughts which then possessed him, to *Melasia* ; but humbly thanking her for her charitable concern for him, he made hast to the Chamber, where *Thersander* who had impatiently waited for him, no sooner saw him appear, but he went toward him, and saluting him with an Air which clearly discovered the trouble of his Soul, in a loud voice said to him ; *Sir*, I thought my self obliged to use this Artifice in obtaining the satisfaction of you this day which I expect ; for although I know you generous enough not to deny what I am  
come

come to demand, yet such a day as  
 this would have been excuse just  
 enough to have refused any chal-  
 lenge I could send you ; and  
 therefore I resolved to speak to  
 you my self. Know then (said  
 he) that I have long lov'd *Clidi-  
 mira*, and report spoke loud  
 enough that I was not hated by  
 her ; yet when some Domestick  
 Affairs of mine carried me into  
 the Countrey, you cunningly  
 made use of that time I was ab-  
 sent, to demand *Clidimira* of her  
 Father, and obtained his consent  
 to Marry her; who being compel-  
 led to it by her Father, yielded  
 to your happiness rather by obe-  
 dience than by inclination. These  
 proceedings of yours have so in-  
 raged me, that I am resolv'd up-  
 on

on a revenge, and to deprive you of life, before you receive the satisfaction of seeing *Clidimira* in your Arms; for should you this night have that good fortune, I should receive but an imperfect satisfaction in sacrificing you to my just resentments to morrow; and your death would be but too happy in the remembrance of having enjoyed the Fair *Clidimira*: And therefore my resolution is, not to quit you this day, till you have satisfied my demand. And though I were sure to dye in that Combat, replied *Timander* (coldly) I would nevertheless defer it a few days longer because to the pleasing remembrance of having had the Fair *Clidimira* in my Arms, I should

should adde the blessing of leaving an Heir of her blood, as well as mine, that should one day revenge my Death. You have reason, said *Ibersander*, that Son of yours perhaps may kill me, but I think he will want strength to do it ; for the spight of seeing a Son of yours, carested by *Clidimira*, will destroy me before he can be old enough to think of revenging his Fathers Death. Well, let it be so, replied *Timander* (with an Air much colder and disdainful then before) yet I have a desire to defer Fighting two or three days longer ; for I know my Victory over you this day will be too cheap, because the thoughts that I am going presently to enjoy *Clidimira*, will  
 cer-

certainly press me on to hasten your Death. And the vexation to lose *Clidimira*, said *Thersander*, will give me no less courage ; and therefore let us go out presently and try if Fortune will be your Friend. I am still unresolv'd, answered *Timander*, whether I should satisfy you before I have seen *Clidimira* in my arms ; yet now I think on't, said he carelessly, I will fight with you to day, since you tell me you are in a condition to defend your self so well ; though I had rather stay till I had enjoy'd *Clidimira*, because your anger then would be raised to such a height, that it would adde to your courage, and so heighten the glory of my Conquest in overcoming a Rival, whose

whose just and violent despight will then render the most Furious of Men. Well, well, said *Thersander*, I pretend not to my own defence, but compel thee to defend thy self, and therefore let us go presently.. *Timander* replied not to these words, but went out first, looking back upon *Thersander* with an Air that shewed little fear to all his threats. In going from *Melasia's* House, they both desired her to let none know they had met there : So taking their several Chairs without any Attendance, they caused themselves to be set down in a little Village hard by that place, where they entered into a house, sending away their Chairs ; who being gone, these

Rivals

Rivals went into the Fields, where finding a place fit to their design, they drew their Swords, fighting a great while without advantage on either side; but as Fortune would have it, *Thersander* after he had fought as valiantly as he had spoke audaciously, received a wound, of which he dyed a minute after. Let us leave him to dye in peace, and also *Timander* to shift for himself, whilst we return to see what passes in the Town.

The desire which these two Rivals had made to *Melasia* to conceal their having been at her house, and their furious looks in going from her, gave her some suspicion of their design; and having rack'd her imagination



to find out the ground of their Quarrel, she remembred that *Thersander* had been formerly in Love with *Clidimira*; which confirm'd her in the belief that they were gone to fight; and knowing her fault in being the occasion, she resolv'd for her own sake to conceal their having been at her house that day. In the mean time all those who were invited to the Feast, prepared to appear there in all their gallantry; the house of *Clidimira* was all joy, every one was busie in dressing the Bride, and nothing was forgot that might set off her natural Charms; yet when she was drest she had the misfortune to attend very long the coming of the Bridegroom, who



who was expected to conduct her to the Treating-house, where all the Company staid for her : But *Clidaris*, Father to *Clidimira*, growing weary of staying so long, and believing that his Son-in-Law came not thither because his Lodging was so neer to that house where they were all to meet, waited upon his Daughter thither himself; where he was no sooner entred but he ask'd the Company if the Bridegroom were come; they answer'd, No. He waited yet a great while longer, and then went himself to seek him at his Lodging, but was strangely surprized to find that none there knew what was become of him : So this good Old Man return'd

back again to entertain the Company, which was already very great, and waited impatiently the hour of Supper, but were forc'd to stay longer yet, still hoping the Bridegroom would come at last; but every hour receiving a new disappointment to those hopes, they began to fret, and then to grow very angry, and that anger at last gave way to a fear that some misfortune had hapned to him, and to that fear was added the loss of those hopes that all day had so comforted them, and now made them desperate: In fine the sight of those delicious things before them, that would have comforted any other hearts increas'd their trouble instead of  
 satiss

satisfying them : The Fiddlers were sent away grumbling exceedingly, though very well paid, and were so impudent to curse the Marriage, although they went from that Wedding much lighter and wiser, and every way much better, than ever they had gone from that Treating-house in their lives : After the Fiddlers were gone, the Treater himself came up stairs, and told the Company, that the meat would be spoil'd if it were not presently serv'd in, and that he had spent already a bushel of Coals in keeping it warm. In the mean time the poor Bride was all in Tears in the midst of her Kindred and Friends that were comforting her ; and as

for the rest who were not so familiar, and others that Fortune had brought in to that place (for at those kind of Treats there always comes more Company then is invited) they knew not how to carry themselves; there being many Persons there, more concern'd for the loss of the Supper, then the absence of the Bridegroom: Most of the Children slept near their Mothers, and those that were awak'd never left crying and bawling, asking incessantly when Supper would come: On the other side, the Pages and Foot-men entertain'd themselves pleasantly; some saying, they should have the best part of the Feast if their Masters and Ladies

eat nothing ; others cryed for fear their Masters should carry them away with them before they should get a share. At last it stroke One a Clock, and the Company taking every one a bit very hastily, left almost all to the Laquays and Pages, without giving them any time to eat it : All the Guests waited on the Bride to her Lodging, and left the Treater and his Men astonish'd, having never yet seen such a kind of Wedding as this at their house.

When *Clidimira* was in her Chamber, they undress'd her, but not with the usual Ceremonies of such kind of days ; there was no Posset nor Banquet at her going to Bed ; no body

look'd pleasantly, nor was there any so merrily dispos'd as to hide themselves in the Bride-chamber; on the contrary, those that were not sad enough, yet endeavour'd to appear so; and there were some that could scarce forbear laughing to consider the disappointments of that day; and all in going home discours'd upon the way of this adventure, seeking for the reason of this carriage of *Timanders*, which they could not imagine came from himself, because no body had forc'd him to this Marriage, to which he had always express'd a most violent inclination. But whilst *Clidimira* sighs alone in her Bed, let us return to him that should have possess

possest the half of it, the poor *Timander*, whom we left so near an expiring Rival.

*Timander* no sooner saw his Rival fall, but he left fighting with him; *Thersander* express'd some desires to speak to him, but was not able to pronounce a word, and dyed a minute after he had receiv'd the fatal stroke.

This Conquerour when he saw his Rival without life, thought of nothing else but going presently to taste the pleasures *Hymen* had prepar'd for him; but it growing very late, and having spent much time, and gone further then they imagin'd to find a place unfrequented enough to fight in, *Timander* in coming back by those unknown ways,



ways, which instead of carrying him to the Town, led him further from it, and to encrease his mis-fortune, was set upon by Five Thieves; and although he was one of the most Valiant of his time, yet he was far from being one of those Heroes who give death or flight to all those that assault him, how numerous soever they be. All that *Timander* could do, was to fight like a Valiant Man, and not like one of those Demy-Gods: He defended himself a great while, kill'd one Man, wounded another; but he also received a wound himself, that put him past fighting for that time, and so those Robbers stript him and their own dead Companion, leaving



leaving them both for dead,  
although *Timander* was not,  
though he was something near it.

When he came a little to himself, Oh Heavens ! said he, with a Languishing voice, is it possible that I am that *Timander*, who this morning thought himself the happiest of all Men, and who this afternoon have been so Fortunate to overcome a most terrible Rival ? Look round about the World, and an adventure like mine can never be found. I was yesterday at this hour in the midst of Divertisements, and Fortune seemed to prepare more and greater for me to day ; in the mean time, by a Caprice which that blind Goddess alone is capable of, the  
same

same hour she promised me all those Pleasures, she has thrown me naked in the dark into the middle of a Field, wounded and alone, and perhaps upon the point of expiring without help, or hope of receiving any, and without knowing what way to go to be delivered from this distress; and all this to happen in a time when Love and Hymen accompanied with all kind of delights, waits to conduct me to Marriage-bed.

Thus this miserable Man, instead of hearing his Epithalium Song, lies cursing the Capriciousness of Fortune, and lamenting his unhappiness; unheard, and unrelieved by any; his Enemies you may imagine halted not to his

his relief, they stay'd not so late, nor charitably in that Field; there pass'd by no generous unknown person to carry him to his House, and dress his Wounds, and perswade him at last to relate the History of his Life, which would not have taken up much time; yet notwithstanding he received help in the midst of these Disasters, and help which came from Heaven, although it was but a glimmering of the Moon, which lighted him to a Peasants house, whither he made shift to crawl; and knocking at the door, he told those people that spoke to him through the Key-hole, that he had been Robbed, and was Wounded; he added to his Tale promises of a recom-

recompence, which was more powerful with them then all he had said before, and made them open their doors to him, after they had peep'd through the window to discover what manner of man he was, and whether he was wounded or not.

*Timander* was no sooner enter'd that house, but he desired them to fetch the neereſt Surgeon; which the Farmers Son ran for with all the diligence imaginable, bringing with him a Surgeon that was by chance at that time in the house of a Gentleman who lay sick hard by that place. The Surgeon having search'd his wound, found it not mortal, and gave him very good hopes of a speedy recovery from  
that

that weakness, which only proceeded from his loss of so much blood.

This unfortunate Hero after he was dress'd, slept all that night very well, and in the morning writ a Letter to his Father-in-Law, to tell him the place where he was, conjuring him to come and bring *Clidimira* with him, desiring him to let none know that he had heard of him till he had seen him. He sent this Letter by his officious Host, with a charge not to answer any question whatsoever was made him. The Father of *Clidimira* receiv'd this Letter with great joy, and immediately carried it to his Daughter, who agreed with him to go privately to the house

house where *Timander* lay ;  
 which was not very difficult,  
 since it was at so neer a distance,  
 they might easily go and come  
 in a day.

This good man, after he had  
 conducted them into the Cham-  
 ber of his new Guest, went out,  
 leaving them at liberty to dis-  
 course freely. *Timander* desir'd  
 them to lay aside their fears for  
 him, his hurt being not at all  
 dangerous; withal he told them,  
 since they were persons so neer  
 and dear to him, he would not  
 disguise any thing from them of  
 what hapned to him since he last  
 saw them; and he hop'd the  
 strangeness of that sad accident  
 that had befalln him, would be  
 his excuse for leaving them so  
 sud-

suddenly that day; and then he related the whole story of his adventures, desiring their counsel what to do next, and to tell him what the world said of his absence, and whether people did not already suspect something of the truth of what had hapned to *Thersander*. *Clidaris* told him, that *Thersanders* Kindred knew nothing of it as yet, and only believ'd that the vexation to see his Mistress married to another man, had made him quit the Town, and that they were not in much pain for his absence since; and that *Melasia* had confess'd nothing of what she knew. From whence they conjectur'd that she would always conceal it, for her own sake, she having been the cause of their fighting.

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After this and some other discourses concerning these matters, they all agreed to conceal this accident hapned to our Hero, but were much put to it to frame an excuse for his going away upon such a day, there being scarce an Apology to be found for a man that willingly absents himself on his Wedding-day, unless he had been Married by force, which he was not; and therefore not knowing what reason to give, they troubled not themselves much, but resolved to let the World think what it pleased; and now let us see what they did.

*Clidaris* and his Daughter having stayd some few hours longer in that place, took their journey towards the Town, carrying with



with them a Letter written by  
 the Hand of *Timander*, and sealed  
 with his Seal ; and when the next  
 day their house was full of those  
 Kindred and Friends that came  
 to make their condoling Comple-  
 ments , this Letter of *Timander's*  
 was brought in (by a Stranger hi-  
 red to that purpose ) *Clidaris*  
 read the Letter softly to himself,  
 appearing extreamly surpris'd at  
 the news it brought, which he  
 pretended he could no longer  
 conceal from the Company, but  
 shewing the Letter, he desired  
 them to rejoyce with him at that  
 good news it brought.

But before I tell you the Con-  
 tents of the Letter, you must  
 know that the Mother of *Timan-*  
*der* was yet living, and dwelt in

a Countrey house some fifteen miles off that City, to which house her extream age had confin'd her so *Timander* cunningly writ word that although he more deserved their pity then blame for his having been obliged to quit that person in the World which he loved best, and upon his Wedding day ; yet the just scorn that he knew the World would put upon that action, condemning it as a want of Love to his Dear *Clidimira*, had been an extream affliction to him, yet he hoped those Censurers of him would condemn him no longer, when they read the truths of that Letter, which were these.

*At his going from Church to his own Lodging that day he was Mar-*

*ried,*

ried, he found upon the Table in his Chamber a Letter, which informed him that his Mother was dying, and desired to speak with him before she dyed, of some business which she would deliver to no other, and was of great consequence to himself. And just as he was reading this Letter, he saw passing by his door a Friend of his, who was going in his Coach to the Countrey, and being to pass by the door of that house where Timander's Mother lay sick, he took that opportunity of going along with him; believing the Note, which he hastily wrote to his Father-in-law by a Laquay which he left behind, would excuse that abrupt leaving him for that time, and also his dear Wife, who though he was then snatcht violently from, yet

*now he desires passionately to see.*

This Artifice prospered well, you may imagine, since it was confirmed by the Parties concerned, who well enough knew the truth; as for those that were not so, they did not dive so deep into the matter, and so the Company all concluded this excuse very reasonable, and the whole fault was laid upon the Laquay that *Timander* sent to carry this Letter.

*Clidaris* and his Daughter that had not so great a journey to make as was imagined, went the next day to the house where *Timander* lay, instead of going, as they pretended, to the house of his Mother: They staid with him till he was perfectly recover'd, and during their abode in that house

house they heard that there was a man found dead in the Fields, whose face none knew, and therefore people supposed he had lain there a long time, and likewise believed he had been murther'd, because they found his Sword in the Scabbard, and he was not robb'd; they carried him to the nearest Church. All this perswaded our Hero and his Company to believe this dead unknown person was the unhappy *Thersander*; for *Timander* confess'd he had left him in this posture on purpose to disguise the manner of his death.

As soon as this unfortunate Bridegroom was heal'd of his wound, he returned to Town with this company, and was so happy

happy to find none in that Town suspected the least of what had hapned ; and since you may believe their Marriage is consummated, it is time to speak a word or two of their persons.

*Elidimira* was the only Daughter of her Father, her stature was low, and though she was very agreeable, yet none could call her a Beauty ; she had that I know not what charming Air which takes so extreamly, and is often seen in those indifferent Women, but seldom or never is found amongst those great and perfect Beauties, which are so Celebrated in the World : her Wit resembled her Beauty, and although it was not very great, yet it was full of those flashes which made it so much

much admired in Conversation. To all these charms was added that much more attractive in the eyes of most Men, a great Estate; and that was the reason why *Timander* sigh'd so passionately for *Clidimira*, his own being very small, though in revenge to that, he was one of the most accomplished Men of his time; and therefore *Clidimira* consented so easily to Marry him. The humour of these two Persons you shall shortly know.

Six months after the Wedding of *Timander* and his *Clidimira*, he was visited by one of his nearest Kindred, that was his neighbour in the Countrey; this Person having not conversed with him since his Wedding, and being one of a  
plea-



pleasant humour, and much inclined to Mirth, he asked *Timander* a hundred questions concerning his Marriage, and at last he desired him to tell what kind of humour *Clidimira* was of. *Timander* instead of answering to his demand, told him, that since he knew him a great lover of Novelties, he would shew him a new piece of Wit that was given him that morning, and taking a Paper out of his Pocket, gave it to this Friend, which he received with much joy, and read these words,

*The Jealousie of Women.*

Although it is the common opinion that Men are more inclined to Jealousie then Women, yet it

is as true, that though Nature and Custom have given the power only to the Husband, yet those Women that are once infected with this disease, disturb that Prerogative of their Husbands, giving them often a trouble; which renders those Wives so insupportable, that the strongest Jealousie of all mankind is nothing, if compared with the effects which the clamour of these Women produce, of which there are innumerable examples.

When a Man is so unhappy to find a Mistress of that humour, she makes him suffer un-imaginable Torments; what business soever he has, and what lawful excuses soever he makes to her, yet he must be always in her company;

pany ; who will not be perswaded to believe his Affairs can be of more importance then to visit her ; and if at last she is convinc'd that in wasting his time in her company, he also loses his Fortune ; yet her humour is so Fantastick, that she grows jealous of Fortune it self, and fears lest that Goddess should favour him too much, and suspects that her Servant will one day forsake her, to give himself up entirely to Fortune. If by chance she meet him in Company, he must speak to none but to her, and appear the most ill-bred, and uncivil Man in the World, only for a quiet life with her, who will break off with him twenty times in a month ; protesting she will never more  
 speak

ſpeak to him, and yet will piece with him again at every viſit he makes her ; and although ſhe ſcolds perpetually ; breaks off, gives him an angry reception, appearing always diſpleaſed, yet her Flames for him ſtill burn ; which confirms me in the opinion that Jealouſie is a great ſign of Love, and that notwithstanding all the troubles which the Jealouſie of Women give, yet no Womans Love is to be confided in ſo much, as that of her that is Jealous of her Servant.

You ſee now what a jealous Woman does before ſhe is married ; let us now diſcover if ſhe will be more reaſonable afterwards. Matrimony ſometimes cures the jealouſie of Men, who  
had

had some reason to fear some other person more happy then they might snatch away that Treasure which they aim'd at, and having it not in their possession, had a just excuse for their jealousy of all those Rivals which laid claim to it as well as themselves ; but Women are of another mind : They hold, that there is much more reason for jealousy after Marriage then before, because the apprehension of losing a good we enjoy, is much greater then that of being depriv'd of what we only hope for ; and therefore a Woman says, that if before she is married she would have her Servant always to attend her, now that he is a Husband, she will prove it his duty always to be  
with

with her, scarce suffering him to stir a minute from her, though it be to go about his domestick affairs; still believing he gives more time to those businesses than is necessary, or else that he is diverting himself with Company that pleases him better, when he is not with her. This hapning (from the odness of her humour) every day makes her insupportable to her Husband, who is not able to endure her reproachful complaints, so often and violently repeated in his ears, with sharp upbraids and continual murmurings, because he courts her not now at the same rate he used before she was his Wife, when he entertain'd none but her self in all Companies where they met; which

which now she bawls to have him do still, giving him a dreadful look if he fix his eyes (though by chance) upon any other Woman in the room. But she appears for this the more ridiculous to all the World, who discovering her jealousy, rallies her severely, and makes her Fantastick insolent humour the diversion of most conversations, whilst in the mean time she is busie in following her Husband into all places, and spares no cost to find out all his intrigues, being assisted with that excellent help, Jealousie, which added to a Womans craft is very ingenious in making those kind of discoveries; but this knowledge is so far from curing, that it exasperates her disease to that abominable



ble height that none can express  
 but those poor unfortunate Hus-  
 bands that so often suffer it with-  
 out complaint, who if they were  
 ask'd can better describe then I,

*How far the Fury of a Jealous  
 Wife can Transport her.*

And therefore I will not ven-  
 ture to say more to it then this ;  
 There is no sight in the World so  
 terrible, as a Woman in this con-  
 dition; her Eyes, her Actions, &c.  
 all express her a Fury, and if by  
 chance she hold her peace, her  
 very looks are dreadful enough to  
 make the boldest man to tremble.

What is become then of that  
 softness so charming and natural  
 to that Fair Sex ? It is for ever  
 D banished

banished from the first minute this cursed Jealousie siezes them, and to their great mis-fortune; for if they could but once call it back again into their looks, their Husbands would quickly be reconciled to them; but the Jealousie of these Women abhors the only remedy that can cure their Disease; for if ever any Wife would lay aside that Fury which so Transports her, and complain to her Husband with a good grace; if she could overcome her passion so far as to sigh only loud enough to be heard by none but himself, and instead of complaining of him to all the World, stifle those fiery sighs which so justly are called the Children of an indiscreet rage, and makes her appear

pear so ridiculous to the lookers on ; if she did only appear to him in that lovely soft charming Melancholy, against which there is no Mans heart so hard as to resist ; then she would get that victory which she loses in those other mistaken ways, which that ill Conductor, Jealousie, leads her to her own ruine ; and it is most certain, that those quarrels which so often arise between a Man and his Wife, would never begin, or else quickly end, if the Wife would but make her complaints with mildness : but the miserable distemper of Women is such, that when once they have begun to declaim loudly against their Husbands, they can never give over, whether they have cause or not ;

their Jealousie so blinds them; they are capable of no Sentiments but what that Passion inspires; and therefore the Senate of *Marseilles* had reason to accept the Petition of that Man that asked leave to kill himself, to be delivered from the Tempest of his Wife: How well that word Tempest expresses the clamour of a Jealous Wife, and shews still more and more that a Man can suffer no greater torment then that! And although it is confessed to be a great proof of Love, yet it were better let alone, for it does more hurt then good; yet a rational Man ought not to be displeased with the Jealousie of his Wife when it is not excessive, as I have shewed before; the Jealousie of

a Wife being commonly accounted a greater sign of Love than that of a Husband, because most part of Men are Jealous only of their own Honour, but Women are Jealous only of their Husbands.

But as there are very few of these kind of Women that I have described, I hope from the rest of that Fair Sex (who are exempt from this dangerous Passion) the justice of their votes on my side, instead of their anger for what I have writ; which will be a great strength to me in the War I shall always maintain against those furious Ladies, whose humour at last receiving a change, there may be nothing found amongst all Women but Perfections.

After this Gentleman had read this Paper, which made him laugh in many places, he repeated these lines, which he found most to his taste ; The Jealousie of Wives is commonly a greater sign of Love then that of the Husband, because that most Men are Jealous of their Honour, &c. When he had again read over that part, I remember, said he to *Timander*, that a little before you gave me this Piece, I asked you concerning the humour of your Wife, and you gave me no reply : You have no great reason to complain of that, said *Timander*, for since you asked me that question, I think I gave you that which pretty well resolves your doubt, and leaves me nothing more to say ; yet I perceive

ceive (continued he looking steadfastly upon him) that this discourse surprizes you; but you must know that this piece, which fell by chance into my hands, and that which you have been reading, describes exactly the humour of my Wife, who I believe was the Copy by which it was drawn. It is scarce six months since I Married her, and since that hour her Jealousie has almost made me desperate. He had said more, but was interrupted by a person that came to him about some business, so his Kinsman went away, leaving them together, it is no matter whither he went; I have only undertaken the relation of the passages between *Timander* and his Wife, therefore let us pass on to some-



thing more divertifing.

*Timander* having Married (as you have read) *Clidimira* more for Love to her Fortune, then her Person, therefore it is no wonder he was not very fond of his Wife, being none of those Husbands that make Court to their Wives as much after their Marriage as before ; yet he nevertheless paid her (like an honest Man) all the respect imaginable, was extreamly civil to her, and refused her nothing she asked, giving her liberty to live where and how she pleased, hoping that would teach her to allow him the same liberty of living according to his own Fancy ; but he deceived himself, for his extream compliance gave *Clidimira* too much confidence,  
and

and by little and little she at last grew not to fear him at all ; and when the Jealous humour took her, made loud complaints to all the world of her Husband, not apprehending his displeasure in the least.

*Timander* on the other side was very little concerned for this Jealous humour of his Wife, and altered not his custom of going abroad very often to divert himself ; and being a Man as gallant in his Humour, as handsome of his Person, he pretended Love in many places, and often complained of a Passion which seldom troubled him, making Court to all the Women he liked.

Not long after he was Married, it was his Fortune to see a very hand-

handsome Woman called *Almaziana*, and was so happy to be placed near her at a publick Feast : none are ignorant how a man well read in Gallantry behaves himself at such an Entertainment, where he had time enough to make his Wit sparkle in the Conversation before the Meat is brought in. *Timander* made good use of his time, and so charmed the Fair *Almaziana* and her Mother, that he obtained their permission to visit them at their house ; which he failed not to do very often, and with such assiduity, that he gained all the esteem of the Mother, and tenderness of the Daughter, who knew not that he was Married, till an accident hapned, which I am going to tell you,

you, which entangled this *Monsieur* not a little. The Mother of *Almaziana* came to him one day and said, *Sir*, I have much acknowledgment for your kindness to our House, and Passion you have so long expressed to my Daughter; and therefore I do with all my heart give you my consent to Marry her this day if you please. *Timander* was surprized at this discourse, not knowing what answer to make; for if he confest himself a Married Man, he feared a certain banishment from the old Ladies house, whose Daughter he by a frequent conversation had began to like with a more then ordinary esteem; and therefore without much pumping for an answer, he promised the old Lady

to

to Marry her Daughter very suddenly, trusting to his Wit for a new pretence every day to put her off, till he had accomplished his design. The first it presented him was this, he said he had writ a Letter to a Kinsman of his who was gone to *Italy*, for his consent, whose approbation concerned him very much, and till that Letter was answered he could not Marry, but he hop'd it would not be long in coming, and that she would give him leave to stay for it, which was much against his will.

But see how Fortune thrusts it self into Affairs, to which she is not called! It hapned that *Clidimira* was informed of all these passages by a Merchant that  
went

went often to the house of *Almaziana* ; *Clidimira* was in such a rage at the hearing of this, that being unable to go to *Almaziana's* house (by reason of some indisposition of health) she presently writ a Letter to the Mother of that young Lady, stuffed with all the railing she could invent against her Husband, sparing not the old Lady her self, who she passionately reproached for permitting her Daughter to be Courted so easily : So that the next visit which *Timander* made to *Almaziana*, he was amazed at their cold reception of him ; the old Lady asked him if he would find no other excuse to defer his Marriage with her Daughter, though his Friend in *Italy* should give his

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consent, or if he had not in that Town some other inclination besides her Daughter. *Almaziana* seeing him non-plust, told her Mother that she injured *Timander* in believing it was Love that hindered him from performing his promise to Marry her; for she knew well enough, that the only person in the world who had power to oppose it, was one that he hated extreemly. *Timander* hearing her speak so, presently imagined they meant his Wife, and began to suspect some body had told them he was Married; but still believing they were not certainly informed of the truth, he denied all, till they shewed him his Wives Letter, which he no sooner read, but he turned those denials



denials into excuses, and spoke a hundred pleasant things upon the resistless power of *Almaziana's* Beauty: but yet for all that he was forbid the house.

As soon as *Timander* received his dismissal from thence, he went home, and far from quarrelling his Wife for the Letter she had writ, he patiently suffered (without answering one word) all the reproachful Language that the most violent anger and the cruellest jealousy could put into a Womans mouth.

*Clidimira* finding by that silence of his, that her jealousy was not without cause, set her self to watch her Husband's actions so narrowly, that she discovered the best part, and not only interrupted

ed all his divertisements by her Spies, but followed him her self into all Companies whither he went, and there she made the laughing world a witness of her Follies : but when she saw that signified nothing, and the greatest part of the shame fell to her own share, she began to think that the only way to take him off from that way of Life, was to make him jealous; which she resolved to do without inuiring her Vertue.

Some time after she had made this resolve, she went to visit one of her Neighbours, where there was much Company, who having spoke to divers Subjects, they at last came to jealousy. *Clidimira* disputed to admiration against all those that condemned that Passi-  
on,

on, declaring that that Woman who had a jealous Husband, was perfectly happy. Every one contradicted her, and chiefly *Argantes*, who was one of the greatest Gallants of that place, and had long time defended the side he had chosen against all the Arguments of *Clidimira*; but at last he told her he yielded her the Victory, which he had so long disputed with her, only to have the honour at last of being Conquered by so charming an Enemy. After that the discourse changed to another Subject, in which *Argantes* and *Clidimira* took no part, but entertained one another all the time that conversation lasted: he promised her to write a Piece for her of the advantage of all

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those

those Women that have Jealous Husbands, and to make it more agreeable, he would set down the greatest part of those expressions which she had so wittily declared in their favour ; he also desired her permission to wait upon her at her own house, which she granted him ; he gave her a visit two days after, she no sooner saw him, but she challenged the performance of his promise, which he presented her in these words ;

*The good Fortune of Women that have Jealous Husbands ; or the Apology of Jealousie.*

All those who are acquainted with the Passions of women, know very well that their Love is violent,

lent, and their Hatred is excessive, and that their desires are to be loved at their own rate, will not think it strange that they should profess themselves happy in having Jealous Husbands, because Jealousie is a sign of Love; and whatsoever is a sign of Love, cannot certainly displease those Persons that Love Passionately, and desire to have that Love returned: yet the most part of the World would perswade, that Jealousie is less supportable then Hatred, and that it cannot but be extremely troublesome; and therefore I would here endeavour to discover all the advantages and delights of it.

The jealous have in all Ages been so unfortunate, that by a

big and strange injustice, they have been still condemned by the greatest part of the World, without having yet been so happy to find any person that would undertake their defence; but on the contrary, most People agree in declaiming against them, they dare not shew a fear of losing a person they Love, without exposing themselves to be called troublesome and ridiculous persons; as if the fear of losing what is beloved (which is in all others called a demonstration of Love and Reason too) were only Criminal in the jealous, whose fear of losing what they Love, is caused by the Beauties, which they discover in that object, and whose excellencies makes them believe

believe others may admire as well as they ; and from that fear grows their Distemper, which is so much condemned by the greatest part of People, who rather than they will leave any excuse for these who are unfortunately touched with jealousy, and to justify their censures of the thoughts and actions of these miserable persons, are also unjust to Beauty it self, which in all Ages has been so adored ; and that Beauty to which so many Temples have been, they now seek to deprive of all its Ornaments, rather than they will want the satisfaction of condemning the jealous with more applause, not allowing them sentiments so just and natural, which have been in all Ages



authorized by custom and reason both, and are still allowed to others, not only for all other things that are Beautiful, but also for all Beautiful Persons.

There are more Women then are believed, that make frequent complaints against those Persons who perswade Husbands that they grow troublesome to their Wives in those visible proofs of affection, of being too often seen in their company; and truly those Women do not complain without cause; for the Husbands of these days are too much inclined to harken to those pernicious Counsellours, who condemn all publick expressions of kindness between Man and Wife, calling it jealousy, and accusing those

those Husbands for distrustful ill natur'd Men, and have at last made it the fashion to cry down all fond Husbands as the most criminal amongst Men. These Censurers do not only cry down this vertue so rarely found amongst Men, but they make it pass for a ridiculous humour, and no Man dare now adays be seen in his Wives company without exposing himself to the publick Rallery; as if Men Married their Wives only to be rid of their company, and Women took Husbands only to see them no more; for if a Man comes into his Wives Chamber before night, he is look'd upon as a troublesome impertinent; and if he stay at home much, his Wife is pitied

by all the Town as the miserablest Woman in the world ; let her do or say what she will to contradict that report , nay, though she is Passionately fond of her Husband, and expresses it in great raptures, no body believes her, all conclude it is her vertue alone that makes her speak so.

Strange injustice of the People of this Age ! that will force or imagine that these persons can live in any satisfaction when they are separated from that half of themselves, without whose company it is impossible for them to taste any true delight or lawful satisfaction ; and since I have told you that most women take delight in that part of jealousy, which is called the most troublesome,

I mean the company of their Husbands; let us now see if they will take less satisfaction in those other effects which this Passion produces.

If to express a fear of losing what one Loves, is to believe that Beauty is to be Loved by all persons that look upon it, and if the assiduity of Husbands to their Wives, are by these condemners of jealousy accounted such horrible crimes; judge then what opinion they have of the careful and suspicious part of it, which yet never Alarms an honest Wife but to make her vertue the more known, and affords her many pleasures and advantages which I will shew you, after I have a little examined what these Criticks upon Love require from a Husband,

band, and a Lover in the discovery of their Passions.

Although there is no Lover that ought not to fear that what he is not yet possessed of, may be carried from him by some other more happy man, and therefore may justly be jealous of his misfortune; and although the jealousy of a Lover is only this reasonable fear, yet he is not permitted (without drawing upon himself the hatred of his Mistress) to make the least complaints of her, or to discover any resentment against his Rivals; but on the contrary, he must be civil to those cruel Enemies of his that seek to deprive him of all his happiness, nay, although he sometimes too clearly discovers them

very

very near the accomplishment of their designs to ruine him. Is there any Laws in the World so severe as those that are imposed upon jealousy? Must a Man give no testimonies of Love for fear of being called jealous, and be either insensible, or else endeavour to appear so? Must he Carrels his Enemies, and find out a way to be Victorious without fighting, or doing any thing to shew the greatness of his Courage? He must besiege a Heart without making use of Love to take it in, although no other Arms but those of Love have force enough to cause that heart to yield; yes, he must do and suffer all this, or else be looked upon as a troublesom Chagrin, ill-humoured Person; and

and so that heart which ought to be the reward of him who Loves most, is often given to him who appears the most insensible.

But if these Testimonies of Love are so troublesome from a Lover, and (as these blind Critics say) deserve the hatred of his Mistress; those that a Husband gives are insupportable, and ought to make him hated by his Wife; all that comes from him displeases (if we must believe them) they condemn his Love and all the proofs he gives of it; they blame his jealousy and all its effects; what then shall we call Love, since they condemn it and all its effects, and will acknowledge it no longer? They would (without doubt) have it live in  
indiffe-



indifferency; for if a man express a passionate fondness of his Wife, or by all his actions assures her that she is not indifferent to him, then presently these people say, he is an enemy to his own repose and also to hers; they would have married men love coldly, or at least without discovering any remainder of that Fire which they so much complain'd of before Marriage: They also find fault with all those little cares which some Husbands take to shew their kindness, concluding that they are signs of Hatred, not of Love, and that all those who make use of them, hate even in loving: but though they will have it that Love produces Hate, &c. must it needs follow that  
Hate

Hate produces Love? will the passions produce their contraries, to authorize the Caprices of these men, and to better their cause? or if they should confess (with some, who though they are on their side, yet are less severe) that in the midst of that Hatred, Love does discover it self; yet how will they reconcile these two great passions? can two things so opposite consist together? can a man hate what he loves, and loves without ceasing? It is true, Jealousie and the little doubts that usually accompany it, does give some trouble to the person beloved; yet nevertheless that pain serves only to give a better relish to the following pleasures, as the rigours of Winter sets off the delightful

lightful Freshness of the Spring :  
 How pleasant to Lovers are those  
 little quarrels which Jealousie  
 creates ! how full of pleasing rap-  
 tures and ravishing joys are those  
 little skirmishes in the Wars of  
 Love ! how agreeable and charm-  
 ing is that reconciliation of those  
 Lovers who repent of their Jea-  
 lousie ! All true Lovers will con-  
 fess and acknowledge that an  
 Age of suffering the most cruel  
 torments imaginable is absolute-  
 ly forgot, and largely recompen-  
 ced in the charming extasie of  
 that sweet moment of their re-  
 conciliation ; the pleasures it af-  
 fords are so great, that if they  
 could be exprest, yet they would  
 seem incredible ; therefore I will  
 only say, that if the joys which  
 Loves

Loves War gives are so great,  
 what can express those delights  
 its Peace affords?

But we see every day (say  
 these Censurers of Jealousie) that  
 even amongst these pleasant quar-  
 rels arising from the doubts of  
 Lovers, there are some that last  
 very long, and are very trouble-  
 some both to the Lover and the  
 person belov'd, and though this  
 Jealousie is at last cur'd with  
 much satisfaction, yet it has been  
 the cause of all the past vexati-  
 ons; and therefore it is said with  
 reason, that Jealousie creates in-  
 numerable evils, though she ap-  
 pears but once, yet she is the  
 foundation of all those disturb-  
 ances, &c.

And that is one of the strong-  
 est

est of their proofs, for all those things they impute to jealousy, which they affirm nothing can destroy; I will endeavour to prove the contrary, and describe here the hatred of a Jealous Person, though I confess, if all things were judg'd by appearances, I should accomplish my design with much difficulty, there being some actions of Jealous Men that seem very often to express more hatred than Love to the Person beloved; yet it is a true saying when they complain most,

*Love is in their Hearts, al-  
though Hate be in their  
Months.*

Let us now examine what kind  
F of

of Hate this is that reaches not the Heart, and whether or no it causes any pain to the Person beloved.

Those Women who have sometimes been the object of this kind of Hate, know very well that Love accompanies it, although he disguises himself, taking Hatred for a vail; yet the covering not being large enough, some parts of him will be seen, he is easily known through all disguises, and that of Hatred of this kind is too little and too thin to hide him; his rays pierce that Curtain easily, so as it may be said, Love stands behind that vail of Hate which Jealousie causes, even as the Sun that shines behind those envious Clouds that sometimes interpose themselves. So

So this beloved Person having been acquainted with the usual effects of this jealousy, is not at all Alarm'd by it, and remains without fear, whilst all the world is afraid for her, and pities her condition; she knows the advantage will be hers in the conclusion, and looks upon that hatred (so dreadful in the opinion of others) as a resemblance of those storms, which when they are blown over, render the day more Fair, and the Calm that follows more delightful; and this makes her rejoyce even in the midst of the Tempest.

But lest some mistake that Hatred I have endeavoured to describe (which cannot hide Love, and is only caused by the little doubts and fears of jealousy) and



take it for that other kind which the world calls Hate, I think it not unnecessary to speak a word of it in this place. That which the world calls Hatred, is a Passion that cannot endure the object which created it, nor hear it mentioned without Fury; it wishes nothing but ill, will not be appeased, all its transports are violent, affects nothing but War and Treason, threatens perpetually, and takes a Pride in being Invincible. But that Hatred which I have told you of, does nothing resembling to this; it Loves passionately that which creates it, and never hears it nam'd without satisfaction, wishing it nothing but good; and all its Transports are Raptures of Love; and it may  
justly

justly be called a Hatred proceeding from Love, because it is begot by an excess of that Passion, and it loves and seeks after nothing but Peace ; it desires not to be eternal, and is born only that it may quickly dye, complains only to be appeased ; and whereas that other sort of Hatred desires to lose the sight of that object which created it, calling it insupportable ; this Hatred (which I mean) Courts it to her, and hates it only because she Loves it ; in fine, it is nothing but an angry *Cupid* that desires to be strokt and kiss'd, and though he take the name of hatred to disguise himself, yet he is too well known to be long hid, and cannot leave loving, though he may desire to hate.

That which was spoken by a French Lady to her Lover, *Ony ma haine pour toy va jusques à l'extrême, si l'on peut toutesfois haïr ce que l'on aime*, proves this truth; and let us see, that although hatred is sometimes in the will, yet it is never in the power of a Lover.

Thus you see the difference that is between hatred and hatred, between the common hatred, and that which is caused in the heart of a Lover from the doubts of jealousy, which may subsist with Love, which is impossible for the other kind of Hate, unless Love and perfect Hatred could be reconciled.

Nevertheless, to convince all those who condemn jealousy, and to let them see that it is not the  
cause

cause of so much ill as is imputed to it ; let them assure themselves, that there is nothing at all of what I have said, if a Man find his suspicions true, and that he is not deceived by appearances, and so comes to an expressible hatred of the person beloved.

But what is the hatred of a Lover? What is the hatred of a Husband? has it not deceived all those who confided in it? what do they not do to stifle it in themselves, and to destroy it absolutely? what do they not do to kindle that Fire which they put out so much against their will, and which they do desire to re-kindle? one look mingled with sweetness, a Sigh, a Tear, one kind word of justification quickly appeases

peases their hatred, though it appeared implacable ; which confirms this saying,

*A suspicion cleared, re-kindles  
a strong Love.*

Two Persons are never more united, nor more inflamed, then after a quarrel of this nature, and she that seems to have suffered most by the injustice she met with, receives now a pleasure much above her former pain, when she sees the Person beloved prostrate at her Feet and asking her pardon, expressing his fears of having lost her affection by his rashness, in suspecting her of infidelity. Caresey importunes her, and appears ashamed and con-

confounded at this Crime, and is more submissive and passionate then ever.

Besides the pleasure and extream joy which this re-inflamed Lover gives to the person beloved, she has this great advantage from it, of making good use of that time, in which a man can deny her nothing, but grants all requests a Woman can make, and which at another time are not so easily obtained: there is also this advantage to them both in such a reconcilement, which can hardly be made without a knowledge of the virtue of his Wife, which when the Husbands Jealousie has served him to find out, it is a ravishing discovery; and since there are many things unknown because

cause untryed, a Jealous Husband has this advantage of an indifferent careless unſuſpicious one, he may answer for his Wives virtue, which the other cannot do, having never given himself the trouble to enquire whether she were virtuous or not.

I have told you before, that some Women rejoyce more then is imagined in the company of their Husbands ; but since I have not told you why they do so, and that these enemies of Jealousie will not believe it, I will speak a word or two concerning that.

Since there is no pleasure can equal that of being in the company of those we love, we must not wonder if Women that love their Husbands are fond of their  
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company, complaining when they do not stay with them, and grow jealous of their absence, believing themselves hated, suspecting that their Husbands fly from them to please themselves in places where they are not, forgetting that they are married; besides, another great vexation is the expence which they believe their Husbands are at in other places, which is often but too true: and thus they weep, torment themselves, make complaints, and suffer the greatest torments imaginable, without receiving any help from those fruitless tears and doleful stories which they tell; for they are irremediable griefs, which nothing can cure unless it be the Jealousie of their Husbands,

bands, because Jealous Husbands are always with their Wives, and waiting very assiduously upon them, giving them no cause of suspicion or complaint, because they are still so happy to be with them they love ; which shews that there are Women who desire their Husbands should be always with them.

But if there are Women found of this humour, to wish their Husbands should always stay at home with them, there are also Jealous Husbands in the world that will not permit their Wives often to go abroad ; but since they have always been condemn'd, and their Wives look'd on as Prisoners and Unfortunate Persons, let us see whether they are

as unhappy as the World thinks them.

Those Husbands that see plainly that their Wives pay to them without dispute all the obedience they require, and are satisfied that this obedience proceeds from Love, return, carress them extreamly, redoubling their kindness to them every moment: They receive other great advantages by their obedience, besides that of letting the World see the great power their Husbands have over them, and the great interest they have in his heart, which is very rare, and is no little glory and honour to those Women, whose Husbands, though they are always with them, yet put no restraint upon them at home; and  
when

when they go abroad, they take care to bring these Wives whatsoever they fancy will please their humours, as New Fashions, Fine Rarities, &c. And it is observed, there are no Women go better drest, and wear richer Cloths, then those who have Jealous Husbands, which is very agreeable to that Sex, whose ambition for Gallantry is almost as powerful with them as that of Love. If all Women were of this humour of loving the company of their Husbands, if there were no Gossips in the World who love Gallants, and to be Courted; perhaps I had well enough prov'd that this jealousy is not so odious as it is believed: but since it is too well known, that it sets all those  
kind

kind of Women upon the rack, it will without doubt be said that I was not able to justify jealousy in all cases; yet I wish it were true, that jealousy would but give them all those tormenting inquietudes and cruel pains it is accused of, perhaps it would oblige them to alter their course of life; but these Gossips have so much wit and cunning invention, they turn all this to their own advantage, as well before, as after they are Married; for whilst they are un-married, the jealousy of their Lovers gives them but little pain, because they have too little power over them, and too much respect to those persons they adore, to torment them, by doing any thing against the Humour  
of

of those Coy Mistresses, who know their own strength well enough, and use it to their own advantage ; but the jealousy of their Husbands who they must fear and obey, is not the same, for that disquiets and enslaves them (at least in their own opinion) yet they nevertheless draw these great advantages usually from it.

The Ambition of these Women being to be Courted, and to have all sort of Gallants, the jealousy of their Husbands, instead of preventing, draws the greater number about them ; some Men making Court to their Wives, believing the hatred they ought to have of their Tyrants (for so they call their Husbands) will make the

the Conquest very easie; others think, that a Woman that has power to create jealousy must needs have something extraordinary, although she is not handsome. Some fancy there is much pleasure in deceiving a jealous Man, and the rest adore her, imagining it a great glory and a sign of Wit to have a Mistress that gives such jealousy, and is so much Courted by others, striving to be in the fashion; and thus the jealousy of the Husbands gives these Women what they wish, an extraordinary crowd of Gallants. But some will answer, that although it is true the jealousy of the Husbands is the cause of all this Gallantry, yet these crowd of Lovers cannot defend her from

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the ill humour into which that  
 jealousie puts him, but on the  
 contrary creates it; I grant that  
 is most certain, yet nevertheless  
 they usually draw their greatest  
 advantages from that ill humour  
 of their Husbands; for they being  
 very cunning, they easily know  
 how to appease them at any time,  
 though in the mean time they use  
 all their endeavours to make the  
 world believe they are ill us'd, by  
 publishing this ill humour of  
 their Husbands, and especially to  
 those amongst their Gallants who  
 they cannot affect, and have a  
 mind to banish; and also to grati-  
 fie those whom they do Love  
 best, by telling them how much  
 they suffer for their sakes, and to  
 what dangers they are often ex-  
 posed

posed by the extream passion they have for them, from the rage of that jealous Husband who perceives it. This expression of kindness from a beloved Politick Woman, gives these obliged Lovers an unexpressible joy, who presently believe themselves much more beloved then they are; and in this Fools Paradise into which these gossips have led them, blinded with the fancied dangers these poor Women are exposed to for their Love, they think they can never be grateful enough, though they almost ruine their Fortunes with the vast Presents they make them; which are received by these Women with delight, and many a jeer to the deluded Fool that presents them:

which confirms what I say, that the jealousie of the Husband is not so prejudicial to those kind of Wives as it is imagined, since it brings them in all that they care for ; as in the first place, giving them a handsome occasion to rid themselves of those Men they hate, without being in the least suspected by those discarded Gallants. Secondly, making them pass for handsome by some, and beloved by most, and passionately adored, and richly presented by the Men they like.

This is all I can tell you at present of the good fortune of those Women that have jealous Husbands ; and though I have not spoke well enough upon such a subject, yet I have in the discovery

very of my thoughts endeavoured to shew you Joys, Pleasures, and other considerable advantages, even in the midst of what-ever is most terrible in jealousy ; and I think I have forgot nothing to shew you that those troubles which are caused by jealousy, are many times the occasion of great profits even to those people that complain most ; you have also read how it serves to make known the Vertue, Wit, Merit, and all the other good qualities a Woman is capable of, and how it is of equal advantage to the Married and Un-married, to the Vertuous, and those that are not so, and that without it Love would lose his heat, there being nothing else but jealousy capable of

awakening, nourishing, and enabling him to find out new and unthought of Pleasures; all its effects being signs of Love, whose pains are rather to be desired than feared. This being a great truth, we may justly call that Love imperfect and insipid, which is not accompanied with jealousy, nay, it is a languishing, sleepy, sottish Love, which does not understand it self, scarce knowing if he be alive or dead, and in fine cannot subsist long in that estate.

*Clidimira* having read this Paper with a joy that was remarkable enough in her eyes, told *Argantes* (with a smile) that she was confident he did not look upon her in the number of those Women he described at the conclusion

on of his discourse, because she desired to have her Husband jealous, and thought no Woman happy whose Husband was not so: he replied, he never intended it to her, nor should have a thought so unjust of her; and as for that conclusion, he only made it to shew that he had forgot nothing in that Paper to speak his opinion of jealousy, without intending to injure any person, since it was a truth so well known, that all the world were not of one humour, nor had inclinations alike.

After that they talkt of divers other things, and although *Clidimira* had a great deal of Wit, yet she nevertheless resembled those Women that love to tell what they ought rather to conceal; for

she told *Argantes* all she could  
 imagine of her Husband and his  
 humour, and the little affection  
 she believed he had for her. *Argan-  
 tes* being one of those that only  
 sought his own Divertisement, and  
 easily flattered himself, drew from  
 the discourse of *Clidimira* many  
 things that were advantagious to  
 his design, and though she had on-  
 ly made it to help out the con-  
 versation of that afternoon, yet  
 he presently believed she did not  
 hate him, and fancied that if he  
 would give himself a little trou-  
 ble to assault that Fort, the Con-  
 quest would be very easie for  
 him ; but he deceived himself, for  
 in the end the Vertue of *Clidimira*  
 let him see the folly of his  
 thoughts, and convinc'd him that  
 those



those Women that are many times the free'st in conversation, and are apt to speak their minds freely, are the hardest for designs to work on, and the most Vertuous in Reality ; which those that seek to make advantages upon them, often find in conclusion, and is a truth which experience daily confirms.

*Argantes* was already thinking and contriving what to do to make use of this good Fortune, which he fancied he saw coming towards him, when *Clidimira* told him, she was perswaded that the only way to work this desired change upon her Husband, was to make him jealous, which she that minute had resolved upon, and her thoughts had chosen him for the  
fittest

fitteſt perſon in the world to help  
 her in that deſign, if he would  
 pleaſe to conſent ; which he eaſily  
 granted, thanking his kind For-  
 tune for that bleſſed motion, be-  
 lieving now that that kind God-  
 deſs would undertake his happi-  
 neſs, doing all things her ſelf for  
 him, without ſuffering him to  
 take any pains for his happineſs,  
 ſince ſhe had inſpired *Clidimira*  
 to prevent thoſe addreſſes which  
 his lazy humour would have  
 ſcrupled to make, notwithſtand-  
 ing the greatneſs of his growing  
 Paſſion ; he offered to ſerve her  
 in all things ſhe deſired, and be-  
 ing one of thoſe that fear nothing,  
 and never trouble themſelves to  
 examine what deſigns ſoever they  
 take in hand, he conſidered not  
 at

at all how *Clidimira's* Husband would take it, thinking upon nothing but the accomplishing what he had now promised, and wholly took up his thoughts ; and thus they began to make the poor *Ti-mander* jealous.

*Clidimira* having gain'd all her Husbands Servants, was informed of all he did, and the next day hearing that he was gone abroad in the company of Ladies, was resolv'd to follow him, and knowing the place where the Treat was to be given, she sent for *Argantes* and three or four Ladies of her acquaintance, who went to divert themselves at the same house ; and Fortune to give a good beginning to their design, carried them into a room so near  
to

to that which *Timander* and his company had taken, that both the Companies might easily hear and see each others actions. *Clidimira* set her self by *Argantes*, talking always with him, and often whispering in his ear, but most when her Husband lookt that way. Those that were with *Timander* pretended not to know it was his Wife, and were so discreet and obliging to him, seemed to take no notice of her carriage, though it afforded them wonder and divertisement enough. *Timander* appeared with his ordinary gayety, unconcerned at all things, which he yet saw plain enough without taking of any notice; so that the mirth of both these Companies was not at all disturbed

ed in appearance , although *Timander* and *Clidimira* were not without their troubles under this discreet disguise of each others thoughts. *Timander* at his return home that night, instead of appearing vext or discomposed at what had passed that afternoon, appeared more gay and pleasant then ordinary, in hopes that way to make his jealous Wife leave off her custom of following him into all places; and knowing the design which brought her into the house where he was that afternoon , he seem'd to remember nothing of what had past that day before his face between her and *Argantes* : but on the contrary, *Clidimira* (far from imitating him) received him very coldly, and having much  
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ado to contain her self, was every minute upon the point of breaking out into a furious rage, her anger being raised to the height, when she saw so little concern in *Timanders* carriage; and instead of the jealousy she hoped for, saw so much pleasantness in his looks: but hoping for some effects from him, and the resolution she had taken to make him jealous, she went on, Fortune being yet on her side.

Some few days after that, knowing that *Timander* was gone into the Publick Walks, with the same Ladies that were in his company the day before, *Clidimira* followed him thither immediately, having none with her but *Argantes*, and one of her waiting-Women;

( III )

Women; and seeing *Timander* at a good distance from her, she made two or three turns about the Walks, and left her Woman with a charge not to follow her into the Walk, where she saw her Husband conversing with those Ladies; she past all alone with *Argantes* near the place where her Husband and those Ladies were at that time very pleasantly entertained by a Lady of a very merry humour, which infinitely diverted the Company, who gave her leave to say what she pleased without contradiction from any body, though she rallied them all. She seeing *Argantes* pass by with *Timanders* Wife, she told him very pleasantly, that she never saw so handsome, well shap'd, and so Gallant



Gallant a Man as that person was, that was alone walking with his Wife, and was the day before in her company at the Treating-house. *Timander* knowing well enough that this Lady and all the company had a mind to rally him, took no notice of it, and answered merrily, that he had given his Wife a charge to make choice of no Gallant but one that was handsome, witty, and of a good Meen; and that now he was extremely pleased to see she had so much wit as to make so good a choice. *Timander* had a hundred pleasant things upon that subject whilst the Company stay'd there, reparting very wittily to the rally of that Lady that had so long play'd upon him and the rest of  
the

the Company ; but as soon as he returned home he began to reflect upon all the passages of those two days past between his Wife and *Argantes* before his face, and adding to this reflection her having not complain'd of himself now as heretofore, though he had given her more cause to be jealous : all these things made him conclude that his Wife was really in Love with *Argantes*, and then he was convinc'd that (although he had resolved never to be jealous) there was none could resist that Passion, and any man might fall into it whether he would or no, and that how little soever a Husband might care for his Wife, yet the spight and indignation of seeing himself ralli-

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ed

ed by the world, inspires often a more furious Jealousie then that which proceeds from the fear of losing what one loves, or seeing another have a share in that which a man ought to possess alone.

When this Forc'd Jealous man was come home, he could not hide his resentments from his wife, who did not fail to give him a return sharp enough upon the same subject, in his own Language, though with much more noise; but at last they reconcil'd themselves with reciprocal promises of giving no more cause of Jealousie to each other. The Carresses and renewed Protestations of Love which usually attend those reconcilements between a Husband and his Wife, were not wanting

wanting at that time, and *Timander* from that hour staid much oftner at home with her then he had ever yet done. Thus *Clidimira*'s wishes were accomplish'd, and she did not at all repent (as yet) the having made her Husband jealous, still resolving to reclaim him this way as often as he returned to his old courses: but as it is no easie matter to change inclinations, or to alter an old habitual custom of life, whatever resolution any man may make, none is so much master of himself to do it; for the reformed *Timander* quickly returned to his old ways, not being able to restrain himself any longer; which *Clidimira* observing, made no more fruitless complaints as here-

tofore, but betook her self to her new found-out way of reclaiming him.

She was in these thoughts when *Timander* came to tell her he had earnest business into the Country for some few days ; *Clidimira* at another time would not have refrained her tears and a thousand prayers to divert him from going away, or to importune him for a speedy return to her ; but the resolution she had taken, hindered her sorrows from appearing, and she perswaded her Husband instead of seeking to divert him from this journey.

*Timander* was scarce got out of Town, when *Clidimira* went to visit one of her Kindred who loved her exceedingly ; she was no  
 sooner

sooner entered that House, but those Tears which she forc'd her self to keep in (before her Husband) burst out very passionately, her Face expressing all the signs of a violent grief for the absence of *Timander*, who she fear'd was gone into the Countrey for no other end but to divert himself in some other Conversation which was more delightful to him then hers. Her Kinswoman seeing her in that deplorable condition, used all her art to comfort *Clidimira*, perswading her at last to remain with her till her Husband came home, which he did eight days after, his journey having only been for Divertisement, as *Clidimira* imagined; when she heard he was returned, she made

haste home to meet him, carrying *Argantes* with her, in hopes to rekindle her Husbands jealousy, which design took effect. *Timander* grew very angry, *Clidimira* did so too, and though he had made this appointment of going into the Countrey so privately, that none knew of it, and pretended to ride Post to disguise his designs from *Clidimira*; yet she spoke to him with that cunning, that he apprehended she knew all the passages of that journey of Pleasure, which put *Timander* extremely out of countenance, and obliged him to hasten that minute the peace with her, that is as easie to be concluded between a Man and his Wife, as it is difficult between great Princes.



Although to go about the making a Husband jealous, is an enterprise that must be Fatal to all those Women that undertake it; yet *Clidimira* prospered so well hitherto in that attempt, that she never gave her Husband any cause to be jealous of her, but when she had most reason to complain of him: but as many things happen un-fore-seen, let us now see whether the way which she takes to change her Husbands humour, will always be so advantagious to her.

*Timander* after this last reconciliation with his Wife, appeared very much reformed, as he did the time before, and staid much at home with his Wife; but yet he was not altogether so kind to her,

nor did he careſs *Clidimira* with ſo great a Fondneſs as his former repentance expreſſed ; ſo that ſhe now began to think him jealous in earneſt, believing he ſtaid at home only to watch her actions, which was to her a great ſatisfaction (though mingled with ſome fear) for her humour was ſuch, that ſhe choſe rather to be ill uſed by her Husband, then to ſee him go abroad, which yet he loved too well to forbear any longer, and growing weary of ſtaying at home, and acting againſt his Inclinations, he reſolved to be his Wives Goaler no longer.

As long as *Timander's* humour of ſtaying at home continued, *Clidimira* had deſired *Argantes* not to viſit her more, or ſpeak to her  
in

in any place where he saw her ; but as soon as ever her Husband re-took his old customs, she writ to *Argantes* to visit her as formerly, who failed not to obey her, and oftner then he was wont; and as he had his designs as well as *Clidimira* had hers, he avoided the sight of *Timander*, which this virtuous Lady having observed, she told him one day that she had taken notice of his actions, and therefore desired him since he had undertaken to oblige her, that he would do it without interest, and ground no fruitless hopes upon the mis-understanding that hapned sometimes between her Husband and her self, or else never to see her more. *Argantes* knew very well that the  
care

care he had lately taken to avoid her Husband, besides those other signs of Love he had too foolishly expressed, was the occasion of her speaking to him in that manner, and therefore he resolved upon obeying her, rather than lose his hopes, which he now commits to Fortune; and in those visits he made her, took no care as formerly to avoid the sight of *Timander*, or expressing his growing passion in those ways which *Clidimira* did not approve; to prevent the regret that he might one day have for not having all things in his power to assist his good fortune, he resolved to make *Clidimira* some considerable Present, and having some loose Diamonds in his Cabinet, he carried them to

a Jeweller of his acquaintance, and desired him to adde some of his own to those, and make a handsome pair of Bracelets : In the mean time he continued his frequent visits to the Wife of *Timander*, who acted a part at that time that astonished all the world ; for the oftner *Argantes* visited his Wife, the less he seemed to take notice of it, used him very civilly, and diverted himself as at other times, speaking to *Clidimira* with as much seeming indifferency, as if there never had been such a person as *Argantes* in the world. This made *Clidimira* desperate, because she knew not what to do next to make her Husband jealous, being ignorant that he was now more jealous then ever, and  
 carried

carried himself so indifferently, only to find out what he had a desire to know more clearly. *Clidimira* in the mean time made *Argantes* visit her at all hours, morning, night, &c. whispered to him even before her Husband as she did before, who still seem'd to take no notice of it at all; and if things had continued longer at this pass, she would have loudly quarrell'd her Husband for not falling out with her; which nevertheless he resolv'd to do, making use of his patience only to find out the certainty of his Wife's Love to *Argantes* by more visible signs, which he intended to punish severely in his own time, which perhaps would have been a great while a coming; for if

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Fortune (that is sometimes treacherous and wicked) had not given him an opportunity of declaring his resentments, he might have waited long enough for a day of venting his Passion, *Clidimira* being too vertuous to do any thing directly against her honour, though her indiscretion was great in all those just causes of Complaint she gave her husband. Behold now how Fortune rendered her at last the most unhappy person alive, and although it may be said, she was partly the cause of it her self hitherto, yet it is as true, that she contributed nothing to the conclusion of her part in this History, as you shall find in the following relation.

As *Timander* was going out one  
day



day in one of his Chagrin humours, he was call'd in passing by a Jewellers house, by a person that had sold him formerly many fine rarities, who told him he had fill'd his Shop with many Curiosities (since he had been there) which he knew would please him very much. *Timander* going in, and having view'd all the rare pieces of work in that place, he at last cast his eye upon one of the Jewellers men that was at work upon a very fine pair of diamond bracelets ; he asking whose they were, they told him they were bespoke by a Gentleman that dwelt hard by his house, whose name was *Argantes* ; *Timander* having ask'd when they would be finish'd, and they telling him the next day,

day, he made no more questions, for he presently suspected they were for *Clidimira*, but went away, fancying that if he could find out that, he should quickly discover all the whole Intrigue between *Argantes* and his Wife.

The next day *Argantes* receiving the Bracelets from the Jeweller, studied some time what he was to do, and which way he should present them where he intended, and at last resolved to write to *Clidimira*, and accompany the declaration of his Love with so rich a Present; the reasons were very many that put him upon that course, he saw that *Timander* suffered him every day at his house, without expressing the least signs of jealousy, and that

that he went on still in that careless way; that *Clidimira* shewed more resentment then ever against the indifferency of her Husband, even beginning to hate that unfaithful man: besides all these considerations, *Argantes* looked upon this present as considerable enough to open the eyes of any woman, and began to think that the ill treatment she formerly gave to the declarations of his Love, was perhaps because he made his addressee with empty hands. All these thoughts moved him to write to *Clidimira*, to tell her he loved her, and with that Letter to send his Present, hoping that although *Clidimira* should absolutely refuse to hearken to his Love, yet the greatness of that Present

Present would prevent his banishment, not caring for any thing so he might declare his Passion; nor feared he any thing more than her banishing him her house, hoping from Time, his Passion, and Wit, and those other qualifications he discovered in himself, to obtain her at last, as many young men of this Age foolishly perswade themselves into a belief that no Beauty how great soever can resist their Charms, or defend themselves from falling into those snares which their wits lay to catch them: And thus *Argantes* built his hopes, holding it for a certain rule, that those places which appear so well fortified, and hang a flag of defiance to the Besiegers to frighten them with a  
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belief

belief of their great strength and obstinate resistance, are often seen to render sooner than is imagined. And having thus strengthened his resolutions, he presently writ a Letter, which with the Bracelets he intended to carry himself, and putting them into his Pocket, he went that afternoon to visit *Clidimira*, in whose Chamber he had observed a day or two before, there stood a little Box, with the Key always in it; and having seen *Clidimira* lay in that Box some Bracelets of her own Hair, and which she had wrought only for her Divertisement, *Argantes* resolved to steal out those, in exchange of his Diamond Bracelets; which he easily could do, *Clidimira* not using him with much

Cere

Ceremony ; for since he was by his frequent visits so familiar in the house, she often left him alone in her Chamber, whilst she went about her Domestick affairs : yet that afternoon he waited long for an opportunity of acting his design, but at last she going as far as the stairs to speak to one that brought her a message, which was not very quickly delivered, *Argantes* had an opportunity of putting his Letter and Bracelets into the Box, and taking out the Bracelets of Hair, he crammed them hastily into the first bit of Paper he found in his Pocket, and went away immediately after, as much satisfied as if he had found great Treasure, though for his Diamonds he carried away no-

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thing but Hairs : which above all things shews the extravagancy of Lovers.

*Argantes* that was the most contented Man in the world in being thus rid of his Diamonds, was no sooner gone out of *Clidimira's* Chamber, then *Timander* (who had in design waited all this while in his Closet) entered the room, in hopes to discover something of that which he as yet did but suspect, and with an air mingled with scorn and anger, he asked *Clidimira* to shew him the Bracelets that *Argantes* had newly given her ; she answered with much assurance, that she did not know what he meant by that question ; for *Argantes* nor no other Man had never yet made her any Presents,



sents : in saying that, she remembered that she had laid those Bracelets of Hair in that little Box which stood open, and fearing that if her Husband searching there should come to see them, and fancy she made them for some Gallant, though she only wrought them to divert her self, she went to take them out, which it seems she could not do without being perceived by *Timander*, whose Eyes were every where at that time, and who stepping towards his Wife, snatched the Paper from her as she was conveying it into her Pocket ; and unfolding it hastily, he pulled out those Bracelets of Diamonds, to the amazement of *Clidimira*, who knew or thought of nothing more then the

seeing those Bracelets of her Hair which she had laid up in that place; but whilst she was struck with wonder, *Timander* read these words;

*To the Fair Clidimira.*

Although I here present you with Bracelets of Diamonds instead of those of Hair which I have taken away, yet think not Fair *Clidimira*, that I believe mine more considerable then these wrought by your fair hands, which I confess are unvaluable; and if I would here make use of those Complements that are usually made, even to those Women that are infinitely below you in all things, I might here tell you, that  
these

these Diamonds have not so great a Lustre as those of your Eyes ; but alas ! how Fatal is that Lustre of theirs to all that look upon them ? and though the sparkling light of these Diamonds causes them to be admired, yet the dazzling Splendour of your fair Eyes commands Adoration from all those that look upon them ; and we may behold the one without trembling, yet none can look upon the other without fear ; if the one shines and does not burn, yet the other shines and burns at once ; if the one rejoyces the sight without enflaming the Soul, yet the other never appears without piercing the very heart which it enflames, and causes a Rebellion in all the Senses : but since it

is impossible for me to hinder this effect, who find as much difficulty in captivating your Heart, as it self does find little in rendring mine your Slave, I have nevertheless the confidence to believe I may revenge my self upon your fair Arms by giving them those Letters, which if I am so happy to see them carry, I may well boast the good Fortune of enchaining what is most lovely in the universe, and perhaps of softning what is most cruel in all the world; but to make me thus Fortunate, you must shew for the future as much pity as you have hitherto expressed goodness to

*Argantes.*

I am very glad Madam, said *Ti-  
mander* to his Wife in a rallying  
tone, to find by this Letter how  
much goodness you have shewed  
to *Argantes* : It is long since I be-  
gan to believe it, though I never  
was so certainly informed of it as  
now by his own hand ; you are  
obliged to continue your favours  
to him, he is very acknowledging,  
as these Presents he makes you  
sufficiently testifie ; and these  
Bracelets are so dazling and so  
rich, that there is no heart so hard  
which they would not perswade  
to Love, especially when they  
come to speak for so Gallant a  
Man as *Argantes*. I know not, re-  
plied *Clidimira*, what reason you  
have to say these things to me,  
who am very ignorant from  
whence

is impossible for me to hinder this effect, who find as much difficulty in captivating your Heart, as it self does find little in rendring mine your Slave, I have nevertheless the confidence to believe I may revenge my self upon your fair Arms by giving them those Letters, which if I am so happy to see them carry, I may well boast the good Fortune of enchaining what is most lovely in the universe, and perhaps of softning what is most cruel in all the world; but to make me thus Fortunate, you must shew for the future as much pity as you have hitherto expressed goodness to

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to Love, especially when they  
come to speak for so Gallant a  
Man as *Argantes*. I know not, re-  
plied *Clidimira*, what reason you  
have to say these things to me,  
who am very ignorant from  
whence



whence these Bracelets come, nor did I ever see the Letter you have read. I see very well, answered *Timander*, that you Love the person that writ it so extreamly, that you are never weary of it, and make these pretences of having never seen it, only to hear it read once more ; which I will do to please you, because I Love you better then perhaps you think I do ; with that *Timander* read the Letter aloud, to which *Clidimira* hearkned very attentively, making very many protestations of her Innocence, telling her Husband that she was confident that *Argantes* had put a trick upon her, conveying these things unto her Box some time or other when she was gone out of her Chamber, which

which was true enough; but truth signified nothing at that time, her mis-fortune being above her innocence, all she said to prove it was to no purpose, appearances being all against her, and so sad was her condition, that *Timanders* snatching the Paper out of her hand, which she so innocently attempted to steal, only to prevent a crime, not knowing there was so great a one committed in that place, and *Argantes* treacherous exchange of the Bracelets, and all things what-ever that seemed most to justify her, made against her; and *Timander*, though his amazement gave him time to harken a little to her justifications, yet at last quitted that coldness with which he had begun, and  
grew

grew extremely passionate, telling his Wife she could not deny that *Argantes* had those Bracelets of Hair, for he had writ it there with his own Hand ; and that he had given her those of Diamonds was as clear, for he had snatched them himself from her, as she was stealing them out of the Box to convey them from his knowledge ; he told her, certainly no person was ever known to bestow Bracelets of Hair without some inclinations to those to whom they gave them ; nor was there any body ever known to receive Presents of such a value as those Diamond Bracelets were, without an intention of being acknowledging for such a favour ; nor was there any Man so foolish to be at the charge of  
of

of making such a Present, without proposing to himself a certainty of accomplishing his design. In fine, he repeated to *Clidimira* all the reasons he had to be jealous, not omitting the least of observations he had made since the first day he saw her in the company of *Argantes*; but all his *Passionate* discourses troubled not *Clidimira* half so much as the trick *Argantes* had put upon her, who was more displeased at his bold declaration of Love, then at all the reproaches her Husbands jealousy could make to her; and being at her Wits end between these two Men, and having a strange desire to quarrel *Argantes*, she desir'd her Husbands leave to write to him to come thither,

ther, that she might justifie her self by his Confession ; to which *Timander* having given consent, she presently writ these words ;

To *Argantes*.

*What business soever you have at this time, yet you must come to me immediately after you receive this Note.*

*Clidimira.*

As soon as she had ended this Note, she assured *Timander* that he should be convinc'd of her innocence very suddenly, for she knew *Argantes* would not have the impudence to affirm that she had

had ever given him any Bracelets of her Hair, or received any of Diamonds from him. But this Husband thus forc'd to be jealous, studying a little while upon all these things, began to think that this was not the right way to know the truth of this matter, and being well acquainted with the greatness of *Argantes* Wit, he was certain that Lover would want no Politick excuses to clear himself, and justify his Mistress; and this thought raising his anger at them both, carried him out immediately (from the presence of *Clidimira*, whom now he hated to look upon) and going hastily down the stairs, with resolutions fatal to them both, he went out to find *Argantes*, who as (ill luck would



would have it) had newly received the Note from *Clidimira*, and was going to know her commands, when *Timander* met him in the Street very near the Gate of his House, which stood in a remote corner of the Town, where very few people had occasion to pass; and therefore *Timander* had opportunity enough to act his design, who as soon as he saw *Argantes*, drew upon him. *Argantes* received him like a valiant Man, but they had not time to Fight very long; for *Clidimira* who had observed her Husbands threatening looks as he went from her, and had watched his actions at the Window, made some noise, and commanded the Servants to run after their Master,



ster, who with the assistance of the Neighbours that had heard the noise she made, run to part them; but *Argantes* who had a very great care of the reputation of *Clidimira*, and knew that his pretended Amours to her had been long the discourse of that Neighbour-hood, fled away before any of them could know him; but in flying from them he gave *Timander* the leisure to take up a Paper, which it seems he had dropt in taking out his Handkerchief, when *Timander* drew upon him so hastily. The curiosity *Timander* had to read this Paper was so great, that he very hastily dismissed the Company that were busie  
K about

about him, and scarce affording the kind Neighbours a civil acknowledgment for their concern of him, he desired them to go home, telling them it was nothing; and so impatiently began to read what he had so unluckily found.

Admire now what Misfortune will do when it once begins to persecute any Person. *Timander* had no sooner opened this Paper, then he saw it was his Wife's hand, and those Bracelets of her Hair wrapt up in it with these words.

To

**To Argantes.**

*I desire impatiently to see you,  
to tell you that Timander is not  
Jealous; which I hope will ob-  
lige you to make haste; and if  
you have the same goodness for  
me you have so often expressed,  
it will bring you hither presently,  
that we may consult upon what  
we have to do.*

**Clidimira.**

**K 2**

**Whilst**

Whilst *Timander* is musing upon this Letter, let us read the occasion of it. *Clidimira* (as we have already seen) having by her cunning, and the jealousy with which she possess her Husband, forc'd this unconstant Man often to change his course of life; yet he as quickly relaps'd again, and *Clidimira* as often tryed her experiment of reclaiming him, by the jealousy she gave him of her love to *Argantes*, to whom she had writ this Letter in one of those Melancholy humours, desiring the Counsels of *Argantes*, which had hitherto been so Fortunate to her in that design. *Argantes* had by chance kept this Letter  
in

in his Pocket, and that day he exchanged the Bracelets, his haste (for fear of being prevented or seen by those he heard coming into *Clidimira's* Chamber) made him wrap the Bracelets of Hair in the first Paper he found about him, which (as ill fortune would have it) prov'd to be *Clidimira's* Letter; who sending for him so suddenly for her justification to *Timander*, he had no time either to look upon the Bracelets, or consider what Paper they were wrapt in. *Timander* having read this Letter, appeared very calm, and without passion, told *Clidimira* he had now all that he desired, and was so well satisfi-

ed as to her, that he wished no more. The next day he sent for her nearest Kindred, and related to them all that had passed, desiring to resign her into their Hands, he being resolved to be troubled with her no longer. *Clidimira* seeing her self in that straight, discovered (in hopes to justify her self) all the Stratagems she had to force her Husband to be jealous, producing amongst other things that Paper, Intituled, *The good Fortune of Women that have Jealous Husbands*; which *Argantes* had writ at her desire. But *Timander* made it quickly appear, that this Paper which she brought for her justification, was a certain  
proof



proof against her ; and that *Argantes* pretending to oblige her, had like an expert Gallant contrived and continued, as much as he could possible, the division between the Husband and the Wife ; his design being only to insinuate himself by degrees into the favour of the Wife, though at first he seems to aim at nothing more then the reconciling her to her Husband, though he intends nothing less, which he plainly discovers in that Piece, called, *The good Fortune of Women*, &c. Where he perswades the Women to make their Husbands jealous, possessing them with those great advantages and considerable



Presents those Wives might receive from that jealousy, if they would make the right use of it : wherein he does not answer *Clidimira's* intentions expressed in the desire she made to him for it ; for instead of placing all those great advantages in the reconciliation of a Husband to his Wife, he brings them in as received during the time of his jealousy, and from other persons besides the Husband.

*Timander* having descanted much upon this Paper which *Clidimira* brought to justify her self, to no more purpose then all the rest she could say at that time for her self ; he was resolved to talk no more, but  
now

now to act in good earnest what he had resolved upon; and therefore he declared to the Company, that although he always had esteemed *Clidimira* too much to believe she had an ill design at first, but from what had followed, he plainly saw that she had not strength enough to defend her self from surprize, and in conclusion had suffered her self to be won; of which truth these Proofs he had given them were so convincing to him, that nothing could destroy, and he desired no more, being thoroughly satisfied of all. Her afflicted Kindred confessed she was too guilty in appearance, and that they saw no excuse for her; and so although *Argantes* lost

lost his design upon *Clidimira's* Virtue, yet he ruin'd her Reputation for ever; which let's us see, that all those Women who too often receive the visits from suspected Persons, expose themselves not only to the like danger, but also to that of being betrayed into greater inconveniencies; and if these cross accidents had not hapned, who knows whether *Clidimira's* Virtue would have been strong enough to have held out to the last, although she was one of the most Virtuous Women of her time; yet that Virtue not being guarded by Discretion, she was at last so unhappy as to lose her Husband, and to be treated like a Criminal by her Kindred, who

who ought to have protected her, and yet were the first to condemne her. They nevertheless desired *Timander* to permit her to live in his House, without allowing her liberty to converse with any, which he upon that condition consented to; from that hour confining her, not in fear of her being Courted, for he was not of a jealous Nature, only lock'd her up safe from troubling his Divertisements; having done all this for no other end, but to deliver himself from the clamours of report caus'd by the jealousy of his Wife, which heretofore troubled him in all places.

After the patching up this  
Breach

Breach between *Timander* and his Wife, the Kindred of this innocent unfortunate Person sought after *Argantes* to revenge the injury he had offered to their Family; *Timander* also made search for him, but he was not to be found, his Father having conveyed him away far into the Countrey, to avoid these violent Pursuers, and great number of Enemies that threatned him. *Clidimira* dyed with sorrow two or three years after, teaching all Wives (to her cost) that they must never force their Husbands to be jealous; for Patience abused turns into Fury, and the gentlest persons are the most difficult to appease when once provoked to the height; and

and though they are a great while silent to injuries, yet if once their anger break forth, it is most terrible and fatal to those that provoke it, especially if it is inflamed by the sense of honour.

And therefore who ever will be happy, let them not meddle with that dangerous Serpent Jealousie, which though some have placed in the number of remedies, yet it is worse then any Disease, and a Mortal danger to all those that have made use of it, as experience has sufficiently proved in all Ages, as well as in this Paper.

**F I N I S.**